

Baptist Record

J. B. GAMBRELL, Editor.
GEO. WHARTON, Editor.

CLINTON, MISS.
Thursday, September 18, 1884.

Editorial.

TO PRINTERS.
I wish to employ in the Record office a competent sober job printer. Apply at once.

J. B. GAMBRELL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Pastor Leavell says, things are moving on well at Natchez.

Much copy must lie over for next week. Patience and brevity are needed.

Pastor O. L. Hailey, of Aberdeen, is aiding Bishop Carroll in a meeting at Macon. The Lord prosper the effort.

Warren Institute, Oxford, opened with fifty pupils. Good for Sister Lancaster, but better for those who enjoy her rare instructions.

Elder E. W. Henderson hopes to be able to preach next year. May he long live to preach the doctrine presented in his article this week.

If I were offering my last prayer, a part of it would be, that prohibition might prevail all over this land.—J. P. THOMPSON.

Starkville Female Institute made a good opening, and President Sellers is happy. The future prospects of the primary department are especially encouraging.

Elder O. D. Bowen, has determined to remain on the coast another year, to hold the fort and push out the lives as much as possible.

I have taken subscriptions for the last 30 years from men and women, and I never knew a woman to fail to pay her subscription.—SEY'S ANSWER.

I want everything to go along. I know that the more you do for State Missions, the more you will do for Foreign Missions. I have a hand in State Missions.—GEO. WHITFIELD.

I understand an education to be such a development of all the powers of the man as will enable him to make the best possible use of himself.—SEY'S ANSWER, in Judson Association.

Do have some system in your giving. The scriptures say "Do all things decently and in order." We do nothing in order when we work for the Lord.—G. M. PHILLIPS, in Judson Association.

Trying to preach sinners to Christ, and telling them how they may work themselves up to a salvation, is the God dishonoring and silly business of a few men. God save us from such folly.

The death of Smith Sheldon, the well known Baptist publisher of New York, removes a prominent figure from the ranks of our Northern brethren. He died the first of this month, in his eighty-third year.

"I would have chosen any cross before this one." Yes, dear, tried heart, that is ever the way. The real cross is the one we would never choose to bear, but the Master knows the weight of each one, and he will give grace sufficient.

As cotton has not yet gone to market, our friends may send us names of parties wishing the Record, and let the money be paid as soon as cotton is sold. Remember this at the Associations and let us add a thousand names to our list.

A company of brethren in London have bought a mission property in Tangiers, Africa, and invited Brother R. F. Baldwin, of N. C., to open a mission among the Berbers of Abyssinia. He will tell us about it next week. In this we greatly rejoice.

Brother J. M. Corley, sending a good list of names from Alpha Delta, that they are falling in love with the Record, and also that he could send some good news from his field; only he never writes for papers. We will have to imagine it.

Sam Jones, the quaint preacher, said at Corinth, "Preachers have very little religion. Preacher preached a sermon on the day of Pentecost, and 3,000 souls were converted. Here is—, he preaches about 3,000 sermons and one soul is converted."

A thousand times you hear complaints of so much to do for Christ. Did you ever imagine yourself laid aside, and unable to do anything more? Let us rather thank God for the privilege of doing. Is there any sweeter joy than working for such a Master? Who would not thank God for such a delight?

The Senior spent last Sabbath with the Macon people, worshiped and heard the best singing it has been his privilege to listen to in a good long year. Miss Theo. Carroll is the girl organizer, and she is supported by a fine selection of voices.

As Spurgeon said of skeptics, may be said of a thousand and one grumblers and fault finders, and croakers in the church of Christ. The "Sore Cure" is an enthusiastic, out-going, wide-wide, missionary spirit. "Flies do not light on a red-hot plate."—HERALD OF TRUTH.

Scores and hundreds of people are being added to the church. What shall they read? Shall they be permitted to go on as so many before them and have no special training for the Master's service? If so, pastors and deacons and the

old brethren and sisters will be greatly remiss in their duty. Let it be thought about.

Christianity will never cease from literature and from the foremost place in literature, until literature itself ceases. Until that time comes, its truth and its strength will be attested alike by the advocacy of its friends and the assaults of its foes. Those foes help wonderfully to keep it in vigorous life.—INDEX.

Thinking what is bad spoils the mind, breaks the edge of moral delicacy; and it is all one whether the soiling thought is started by crime dramatized, indecency sculptured, indecency painted, or sin printed in a paper and called news. There is no man so clean that he can afford to let his mind rest on a dirty thing.—REV. DR. C. H. PARKHURST.

"It is to be regretted that so many preachers have so limited and imperfect a knowledge of the doctrines of grace. Surely this is cause for deep humiliation before God. May he return to his ministers and people a pure language, and graciously revive the precious word of God. Christ-honoring truths, which alone are able to build us up in the pure and holy faith of the gospel."

The mail brings news of the death of sister N. J. Miller, of Eudora, Miss. It was the privilege of this department to hear of her Christ-like character. Brother Ed. B. Miller, of Grenada, she rests from her labors and truly her works do follow her, and they shall multiply in influence through the labors of her "boy." "As one whom his mother comforteth," so may the Lord comfort our bereaved brother. Only those who have been through this affliction know how deep are the waters; but the "sufficient grace" sustains even here.

An hour's conversation with an old saint, during which many prayers were mentioned, drew out only good words for all. We said, "You seem to know only good people." She replied, "They are very good," and meditating a minute, she added, "I love everybody any way." Was not that the true reason why the blessed old soul had found only the good. Love covers a multitude of sins. And more, it draws out the better part of people's nature toward us. Be sure that if you find only bad people, the trouble is in your heart.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton has published an article on "The Need of Liberal Divorce Laws." Mrs. Stanton has greater celebrity as a "woman's-rights" than as a woman-writer. The North American Review, for September, contains the article. If we were reviewing the article, we should discuss the need of liberal supply of reverence for the divine teaching on the subject of divorce, more respect for the sacredness of the family, and largely more chastity as the bond of marriage. Most of women can find better business than advocating licentious divorce.

An old minister in Wales, advised the people to hold cottage prayer-meetings in the neighborhood, taking the houses in regular order on the mountain-side. One of them, a poor woman went to a store and asked to buy two penny candles. The store keeper said, "Why, Mary, what do you want with candles, is not the rush light good enough for you?" "Oh, yes," she replied, "the rush light is plenty good enough for me; but the prayer-meeting is coming to our house, and I want to give Jesus a warm and hearty welcome." Oh that we could imitate these rude mountain peasants in two things—their joyous, simple, unostentatious prayer-meetings with their poor but loyal welcome, and imitate them when we go to the mission box in giving for the cause of Jesus a hearty welcome.—T.

JUDSON ASSOCIATION.

This is the largest Association in Mississippi, numbering 3,125; 285 were baptized last year. We remember when the body was formed and the opposition to it on the ground that there was not room for it. Now a convention is to be held to consider the propriety of dividing the Association into two for convenience. It will be done, no doubt. The last session convened last Thursday with the Ula-tula church, and adjourned Saturday evening. It was an immense gathering. Elder J. J. Andrews was re-elected moderator, and Brother J. M. Cook, clerk. They discharged the duties of their respective offices with entire satisfaction to every one. Brother Andrews has been identified with the body from the first, and has often moderated it. He is gone, this week, to Texas, to make arrangements for moving, and will settle in the Lone Star State during the winter. Brethren, of Texas, treat him well. Elder J. W. Sandlin, also, expects to go to the same State this fall. This will deplete the ministerial force of the Association to a painful point.

The body has never been very aggressive as to matters beyond, and for several years they have not done very much in the home field. They fully realize this, and are dissatisfied about it. The trouble does not lie in the make-up of the churches. It is really a strong body. There are scores of good laymen as can be found anywhere. They have a mind to work, also, but they have been balked. Confidence in the success of any effort they might make has been destroyed, in a measure.

The Judson, in fact, is just where nearly every Association in the State, since the war, has been. There is a brighter day just ahead, we feel sure. By a unanimous vote, the Association merged its mission work into the State work. Their board will nominate a missionary to take the field. If they will select a strong, consecrated, able preacher, and let him have a good support, there will soon be something good to report, and there will be no trouble to provide the salary. The right man can be supported at a good salary, far easier than the wrong man at a meager salary. There is a grave responsibility resting on that board; but they are good men and will meet the responsibility. Secretary Ball was present, and represented his specialty with ability and tact. Brother I. H. Anding was, also, present, and made an able speech for the College, which will bear fruit. This was his maiden effort, and we liked it. It was level to the subject and to the minds of the people—no flash nor false sentiment, but facts and figures, with needed explanations. To our good brother, you will make a good secretary if you grow any. We believe they propose \$250.00 for the College this year. Brother Geo. Whitfield spoke for foreign missions, and they are going to try to raise \$500.00 for that object.

On the border of this Association, we began our ministry seventeen years ago. With one of its churches, we held our first protracted meeting. It has not been in our way to visit the brethren since we were a boy preacher. We have no words to tell of our reception. Here, in great crowds, were old neighbors, school-mates, comrades in arms, the first fruits of our ministry, old family servants, the dear old fathers and mothers in Israel, kin folks and troops of their children. God bless them all, how we do love them; and what a joy to find them nearly all walking in the ways of God. Especially did it give us joy to find the old servants, every one of them giving good evidence of true piety.

The brethren, from the moderator on, showed us much kindness, and placed near sixty names on our mailing list. We would like to speak of many of them by name, but we write under a strong impulse of good fellowship, and if we began, where would the end be?

The Association was a success. Let the brethren, one and all, resolve to work together for the furtherance of the gospel. All at it, and at it all the time. Be it. Confidence, patience and perseverance in the good work. A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, should be the motto.

The preaching was mainly good. The introductory, by Elder Judson Moore, were not in time to hear, but it was much talked about. Elder L. R. Burress preached a strong sermon Friday and Secretary Ball beat himself Saturday. These were all we heard.

SOME THINGS WE WOULD LIKE.

David said that he would be satisfied when he awoke in the likeness of Christ. There is no hope that any of us will be perfectly satisfied till the same thing happens to us. Either we, or someone else, will be enough wrong to make it uncomfortable. A measure of dissatisfaction must be endured. There are many minor evils, which it is not well to spend our lives trying to correct. Every pain should not sent us to the doctor, nor every wrong to the judge. To be tolerably well is excellent for a world like this. Yet we may often wish for changes, even as to small things, and give a reasonable portion of our time to making these changes. The following are some things we would like, and yet, we are prepared to live, if we never see them.

We would like it, if some good people were not so sensitive. They keep their friends all the time uneasy, and destroy much of their own happiness. Their nerves all seem to be on the outside of the skin. It is hard to touch them without hurting their feelings. Their goodness draws their friends around them only to hurt them. It's a pity.

We would like to see young people, of sound body and mind, and as soon as they get through going to school, pair off, get married and go to building up homes. This is best. Nine times out of ten, waiting to get a start in the world is a cheat and a delusion. Two strong, loving hearts, two heads and four hands, and a lot of common sense are themselves good capital to begin with. Those who wait, scarcely ever have more. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, it is a mistake for a woman to take up the idea of going into business by herself. We would like to see a higher estimate put on the dignity of wifehood and motherhood. The drift is the other way, but we do not like it.

We would like to see Baptists

delocalized and desecularized, so that their sympathies would flow out unobstructed to the ends of the world, and embrace every man as a brother in the ruin of sin and the hope of redemption. We would like to see the Baptists united among themselves, and separate from all human and heretical organizations. As the conservatives of a pure gospel and a pure ecclesiasticism, we weaken ourselves by divisions within and affiliations with outside bodies. It grieves our soul to see our brethren doing either of these things. We would like to see the Baptists an unworldly and simple people in all their worship, not trying to compete with others in show or worldly honors. We would have no titles not known to scripture usage, no D. D.'s, nor anything of the sort—nothing by which one minister might be considered different from another, except such differences of piety and learning as will naturally occur. We would like even that our brethren would not wear clerical coats. The true minister is a simple man of the people for the people.

There are some things we would like. We mention them, but do not expect to give a life-time to trying to have our way about them. If we could see them, we would be happier, and we believe it would be better all round. Still, till we see the glories of Heaven, we do not expect to be satisfied fully.

ZION ASSOCIATION.

About fourteen years ago we visited this body, and preached before it on the "Election of grace." While discussing the subject, we noticed a man in the congregation, evidently deeply agitated. Afterwards, we learned that it was a Mr. Britt, an Armenian, and a controversialist, whose business was to fight Baptists. He sought several opportunities to controvert with us, but was not encouraged in that way. The Association closed Monday evening, and that night the venerable Eld. Hall, of Grenada, preached on the Work of the Spirit, and invited seekers forward for prayer. Mr. Britt came forward mightily convicted, and was, that night, converted and united to the church. His experience was peculiar. He had always thought that his salvation was in his own hands. Finding that the matter was with God, he was made to fear and quake. He is now a member of Pleasant Grove church, where, after fourteen years, we met again. So much for preaching election.

"This is a large body, over 2,500 members, and it occupies a fine country. It met Saturday, and did all its business Monday. One day is time enough, if it is not designed to really develop the church and take a part in the work of the denomination; but, otherwise, it is not sufficient. They meet Friday, next year."

The introductory was by Eld. S. M. Cole, and was good in doctrine and spirit; all in the right direction. The various subjects were discussed, and favorable action taken. Secretary Ball represented State Missions, and after preaching Sunday, 11 o'clock, took a collection in that interest. Eld. Geo. Whitfield represented Foreign Missions. The College was endorsed, and it was resolved to try to raise \$250.00 toward current expenses this year.

The work of development has not been pushed in this Association very long, but the movement is progressing. This year shows an increase of contributions over last year. There is a good degree of agitation. The need here is just what it is elsewhere, patient teaching and wise management, one as much as the other. The people may be depended upon, if properly dealt with.

The pastors declare that they intend to begin in real earnest to develop the churches. And in this line the Association put it on the pastors, by a strong vote, to try to raise \$500 for foreign missions. They can do it, and now they have a strong plea to go before the churches with. There are some noble ministers in the Zion. The two Thompsons, J. P., and R. W., S. M. Cole, T. N. Wilson and others are true men of God. We expect to see this Association put on great strength, by-and-by.

Prohibition was unanimously endorsed, though some objection was made to no resolution offered on the ground that it looked too much like mixing politics and religion. Those who raised this objection, were none the less prohibitionists. We neglected to say, at the start, that the old officers were re-elected; J. P. Thompson moderator, J. A. Cox, Clerk; Brother Pryor, Treasurer.

The Pleasant Grove people entertained the great crowds lavishly. Our home was with Dr. Hurt, editor of the Argus, our temperance organ. We only regretted that we could not accept of numerous invitations to visit brethren and friends.

"CAUSE UNKNOWN."

SUBJECT OF CHARLES C. CLEMENTS. Vaiden, Miss., Sept. 11.—On last Tuesday night, C. C. Clements, printer and local editor of the *Carroll Watchman*, committed suicide here by taking morphine. Cause unknown.—Vicksburg Post.

Mr. Clements' friends will be deeply grieved by this sad intelligence, but to some, at least, the cause may not be altogether unknown.

To the mind of one of his old friends, come back the memory of other days, and of a man of a kindly and generous disposition, whose heart always responded to an appeal for charity, who could sweep over the misfortunes of others, and who might have been all that was good and noble, but for the tyranny of one habit.

During the time that he worked on this paper, the writer knew, as few knew, how hard he struggled in the unequal contest with the appetite that held him in its merciless power, and dragged him down and down, until life became one long misery. He had sown to the wind and when the harvest came it was misery and wretchedness. He committed suicide from "cause unknown," but the language of the Psalmist comes with strange significance and warning, "For innumerable evils have compassed me about; mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head; therefore my heart faileth me."

R. D. G. GAMBLE.

Communications.

COMM. IN. SEPT. 1.

We haven't much news for you this time. Crops are very poor, owing to the protracted drought.

Brother J. R. Allen closed his services with Union Hill church, for the present, on the 4th Sabbath in August. This is a new church, the fruit of brother J. R. Allen's missionary work last year, though it was not organized until this Spring. May brother Allen be spared to see much good fruit of his labors.

Brother M. E. Shackelford, late State Sunday-school evangelist, has given up Sunday-school work and taken charge of the State Town Academy, from which we expect big results. In brother Shackelford the Board has, at least for a time, one of their most able and conscientious workers, but we have gained him and shut him out. The Academy will open on the 15th instant. The brethren and friends, that wish to patronize a first-class high school, will do well to correspond with brother Joseph Moore, president of board of trustees, State Town, La.

Well, I've gone over my limit and must stop for this time. We will try to send you along list of names this fall with care. Wish that you may double your subscription list this fall, and do much good. I am, yours truly, W. R. HANCOCK.

French Camp, Sept. 6.

I read through the Record, with feelings of gratification, the great success of protracted meetings. I thought it my duty to write you a few lines from my field of labor.

I closed my school the 22d of August, and began a meeting at Bear Creek the 25th, under very discouraging circumstances. The church soon got the embarrasment behind them and looked to the Lord for help—was soon in a spiritual frame of mind. The church was greatly revived, and eight were received for baptism. We had to close in order to meet an appointment at French Camp, but left an appointment for three days meeting in September. We think others will join them. I want to face the 5th Sunday in August. I continued the meeting until Wednesday night. Visible results were good, but few conversions. The church and irregulars appeared greatly interested, though no accessions to the church. French Camp church is alive to all the interests of Baptists. She has paid nearly thirty dollars missionary money since last Association and during our meeting she agreed to send five dollars to Mississippi College.

I am at French today for the purpose of protracting. Two joined today. Brother J. D. Adams, a prominent merchant of nearby town, and his accomplished wife, Sister Adams, by experience. I will write again soon. If I had time and space, I would like to say something relative to the Board of Sustentation. It is an enterprise that lies close to my heart. I expect to place it in writing before each of our congregations. It did me good to hear brother Burdett's article. I believe all that is necessary to make it a success is to let the people know its merits. I will say more at another time.

W. H. H. FANCHER.

Polkville Union Church, Rankin County, Miss.

I assisted Brother J. H. Whitfield, pastor of the above-named church, in a protracted meeting, which commenced before the 1st Sabbath in August.

The meeting continued from Saturday to the following Friday. There was one addition to the church by experience and several others we hope were converted. Quite a large number of persons asked the prayers of God's people. Brother Robert Whitfield, of Gantt, was with us, led in singing, which was delightful and profitable. He also preached one sermon, and made some splendid talks in the prayer-meetings, talks that will not soon be forgotten. Brother Hitt and Backworth were present part of the time and aided much by their prayers and talks.

The members all speak well of their pastor who, by the way, is said to be about the best man in Rankin county, and is very popular. He was elected county surveyor last election without opposition. He comes as near having "all that charity that thinketh no evil" as any man I ever knew. He preaches well, and his office gives him the opportunity of preaching in destitute places in the county, which he is always glad to improve. I like those people over at Polkville Union much. They are mostly farmers, plain, industrious and well-to-do. And their hospitality is charming and unbounded. Their attention to preaching was all that could be desired. And I find that the Christians among them, as they are everywhere among such people, are ready to fall into line and do their whole duty when they are shown what their duty is. What a power would our churches

CLINTON CHURCH.

On Saturday before the 5th Lord's day, in August, I left my home in Clinton to spend a week with my church at Clinton, Warren Co. I met and preached to a large and attentive audience on Sunday and on Monday morning. I started out to make personal calls. By Friday I could take my members by the hand and call them by name. And the more I know of them the better I love them.

The Sunday-school, though, numerically small, is quite interesting. Superintendent Eaton, Mrs. Lee, and his efficient corps of teachers have been faithful.

On Friday, the 6th inst., in the afternoon at Brother William Whitaker's residence, I witnessed all the interesting details, in the way of a Sunday-school festival, that I ever knew. Almost the entire neighborhood was present. Sister S. M. Whitaker was mistress of ceremonies. Money had been collected in the form of pocket Bibles, were provided for the occasion. After the table, with its bounty, had been given in the large dining hall, the children were given a place at the table first—the old folks had to wait that time. But, before the children began to eat, instead of asking the old folks to do the dishes, they repeated, almost verbatim, Christ's sermon on the Mount; the smaller ones recited some nice little verses. And then the premiums were awarded; after which the pastor delivered them a little address about two and a half minutes long; then Brother W. R. Edwards, the former pastor, led in a short prayer. Didn't the children have patience! But just as it seemed that some of the women, and also the children, had their own stock of patience, Sister Whitaker said, "Now, children, help yourselves," and then—O, ice-cream and cake, what were you made for? And when the children had satisfied their appetites there was enough left for the old folks; all ate and were filled and there were fragments, not inconsiderable, left. A commendable feature in the entire affair was that there was no "caterpillar" in it. I met my congregation of nineteen members, that I think are some professors of the Kingdom of Christ in such ardent pursuit of, may the blessings of God continually rest on Antioch Sunday-school.

On Saturday and Sunday we met and worshipped God at the church. Rev. Edwards preached two excellent sermons on Sunday. I love Antioch, and may the Lord prosper his work in his hands with that church.

H. L. WHITE.

From Crystal Springs.

Having waited until my annual meetings are over, I now report results, as far as they are known, and in connection with this report touch upon other matters.

Our meeting here began on the 1st Sabbath in July and continued two weeks. The preaching was all that could have been desired by any people. Brother King is a workman who will not be ashamed anywhere. He is a man who will not be ashamed anywhere. He is a man who will not be ashamed anywhere. He is a man who will not be ashamed anywhere.

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ANTIOCH CHURCH.

On Saturday before the 5th Lord's day, in August, I left my home in Clinton to spend a week with my church at Clinton, Warren Co. I met and preached to a large and attentive audience on Sunday and on Monday morning. I started out to make personal calls. By Friday I could take my members by the hand and call them by name. And the more I know of them the better I love them.

The Sunday-school, though, numerically small, is quite interesting. Superintendent Eaton, Mrs. Lee, and his efficient corps of teachers have been faithful.

On Friday, the 6th inst., in the afternoon at Brother William Whitaker's residence, I witnessed all the interesting details, in the way of a Sunday-school festival, that I ever knew. Almost the entire neighborhood was present. Sister S. M. Whitaker was mistress of ceremonies. Money had been collected in the form of pocket Bibles, were provided for the occasion. After the table, with its bounty, had been given in the large dining hall, the children were given a place at the table first—the old folks had to wait that time. But, before the children began to eat, instead of asking the old folks to do the dishes, they repeated, almost verbatim, Christ's sermon on the Mount; the smaller ones recited some nice little verses. And then the premiums were awarded; after which the pastor delivered them a little address about two and a half minutes long; then Brother W. R. Edwards, the former pastor, led in a short prayer. Didn't the children have patience! But just as it seemed that some of the women, and also the children, had their own stock of patience, Sister Whitaker said, "Now, children, help yourselves," and then—O, ice-cream and cake, what were you made for? And when the children had satisfied their appetites there was enough left for the old folks; all ate and were filled and there were fragments, not inconsiderable, left. A commendable feature in the entire affair was that there was no "caterpillar" in it. I met my congregation of nineteen members, that I think are some professors of the Kingdom of Christ in such ardent pursuit of, may the blessings of God continually rest on Antioch Sunday-school.

On Saturday and Sunday we met and worshipped God at the church. Rev. Edwards preached two excellent sermons on Sunday. I love Antioch, and may the Lord prosper his work in his hands with that church.

H. L. WHITE.

From Crystal Springs.

Having waited until my annual meetings are over, I now report results, as far as they are known, and in connection with this report touch upon other matters.

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Home Circle.

CONDUCTED BY
MRS. J. B. GAMBRELL
MRS. E. H. WHARTON

AFTER A LITTLE WHILE

There is a strange, sweet ache in the thought
That all the while we suffer here below
May, as a dark and hideous garment wrought
For us to wear, whether we will or no.
Be cast aside, with a relieving smile.
After a little while.

No mortal meaning, but hath certain end:
Though far into the ocean spaces grey
We sail and sail, without a chart or friend,
Above the sky line, faint and far away.
There home at last the one enchanted isle.
After a little while.

Oh, when our cares come thronging thick and
With more of anguish than the heart can
bear.
Though friends desert, and as the leafless
tree,
Even love pass by us with a stony stare,
Let us withdraw into some ruined place.
Or lonely forest aisle—
After a little while.

And contemplate the never-ending changes,
When the processes of God are wrought,
And from our petty lives our souls are brought
Till, bathed in currents of exalted thought,
We feel the rest that must our cares beguile.
After a little while.

—Edith Haas.

Editorial.

Some of the must-be's and the
may-be's.

Toil and weariness must fall to the lot of all "born of woman," not an equal measure to each and all by any means, but some portion falls to every one, whether he be saint or sinner; but trial and temptation are especially sure for all who would live godly. There must be trials of faith, of patience, of love. From what unexpected sources these trials come! Sometimes they are so sudden, so painful, so mysterious that we cannot at the first feel that they come by permission of our Father. Perhaps some one whom we loved and trusted has, from the very love and trust which we gave, been enabled to insert his fingers amid our heart-strings, and has wantonly or carelessly swept those cords harshly until never again will any but a sobbing, grief-stricken tone, answer to that touch. It is hard to keep back all feeling of resentment perhaps, hard to still the vibrations, and so, on and on go the painful throbs until weary and heart-sore we submit the wounds, dealt by hands deemed friendly, to the touch of the Healer and prove the truth of the promise, "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you."

What sore trials of patience come into our daily lives, when with muscles tense, we strain almost madly at our tasks, adding to them little by little, building upon yesterday's deftness and success a pretext for increasing to-day's demands, until, with nerves, a tingle from over-work or over-worry the trial of patience becomes too great for frail humanity, and the quick, sharp snap comes with a suddenness which amazes and humiliates us to a depth beyond the power of words to fathom. What can be done here? Nothing to undo the break; it is over with, but not ended. Yet, it may be, that a beam from the sun of righteousness will shine in through the breach and light up some dark corner where pride and self-esteem and vain glory have hidden themselves away, and the constant clear shining of that pure light may drive out those foul birds of night.

Trials of love press upon us. Those we loved, trusted, leaned upon, fail us, and, shadowed by this cloud, faith struggles while unbelief jostles and hurls us against the hard and frowning circumstances that hedge us in, and we are tempted to doubt all love and call friendship but a name; but there may be in this hour of faith's and love's eclipse, a ray from the "lamp upon our pathway," which shall reveal to our darkened eyes the "friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

The devil has a hand in all our temptations, and he fits the temptations to our hours of weakness. We must be tempted; we cannot escape it, but each temptation, if resisted, may be a stepping stone to strength and usefulness, and after all these must-be's and may-be's let us stop this talk to tried and tempted ones with a shall-be, which rests on God's word—it is this: "After temptation resisted, comes always the ministry of angels." It seems, sometimes, as if the devil will never depart, as if there should be no cessation of his temptings, but when our weakness is felt enough to drive us to the right source for succor, the strengthening angel is always at hand.

M. T. G.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

BY E. H. W.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Carney, the daughter of poor parents, had early learned what toil meant. Becoming the wife of a poor man, a large family growing up around them, the lesson was continued, and seemed likely to continue through her whole life-time, though by her husband's industry and her own economy, they now owned a comfortable home and were in easy circumstances. Yet the burden of labor had become so fitted to her shoulders that she could not summon strength to shake it off. "Wife's cooking" and "wife's house-keeping" were so perfect

that Major Carney could never endure the thriftless, untidy ways of the majority of servants, and wife herself shuddered at the thought of seeing her rules and systems of neatness and order disregarded, as they would surely be by hired help. So day after day she bore the weary burden, rendered nothing lighter by her native spirit, which aspired to higher things. She accepted it as her fate and toiled on, comforting herself with one aim.

With the absolute unselfishness only a mother's heart can know, she loved her first-born child, her daughter Ida. She was a drudge herself, she thought; well, she would drudge on, but Ida should never soil nor harden her white hands. She was uncultured, but Ida should have every advantage of education; she had no accomplishment whatever, but Ida should play and sing, paint and draw, and have ample leisure for it all. So the daughter grew to womanhood with the soft, white hands, the education, the accomplishments, the leisure, all as the mother had planned, yet sometimes of late the mother's thoughts in the kitchen were sadly out of harmony with the daughter's music in the parlor. And this June morning as she stood alone in her room, dressing for the picnic, with trembling hands and throbbing head, she wondered with a sinking heart, if after all she had not made an irreparable mistake. Ida's helplessness came before her in forcible contrast with Mary's helpfulness, Ida's selfishness with Mary's unselfishness, Ida's disregard for her with Mary's thoughtfulness, and for a moment she gladly would have exchanged all Ida's accomplishments for a loving, sympathizing daughter's heart. Yet the next moment she blamed herself for these thoughts and told herself they would not have come to her had she not been so weary and unnerfed. Ida is a perfect lady, she said proudly to herself, and if John Herbert's attentions mean anything she will soon be in a position suited to her, above all need of labor, while Mary, poor, ignorant child, will marry some rough farmer and drudge her life away.

Her mind soothed by such reflections she stepped out upon the gallery, to be at once thrown back into a state of discontent with her daughter at seeing her lying lazily back in her chair, a fretful, angry look on her fair face, while near by John Herbert and Mary stood in animated conversation.

"Are you sick, daughter?" she kindly asked.

"No! I'm not sick," was the short reply.

"Has anything displeased you?"

"No."

With a helpless sigh the mother turned away as John and Mary came nearer.

"Are you feeling better, Auntie?" Mary asked. "But no, your hand is trembling. Never mind, the ride will help you, and I shall sit by you myself and take care of you," she said slipping her hand through her aunt's arm.

"You are a dear, good girl, Mary. Suppose we all start now before it grows warmer. Everything is ready."

In a few moments they were on their way. The fresh breeze, the pleasant motion, and perhaps more than all her seat by John Herbert and his pleasant companionship, restored Ida to a happy frame of mind, and a very merry party they were as they drove into the wood selected for the day's rendezvous. No place could have been more favorable to the day's enjoyment. The dense foliage of the massive trees threw almost unbroken shade upon the emerald carpet beneath their feet; through the swaying branches of the willows bordering its banks, one caught glimpses of a silver lake with tiny skiffs darting here and there, all promising pleasure. Soon the forest was filled with sound, the gay laugh of some lively girl swinging among the grape-vines, joyous songs from the lake, or the subdued murmur of conversation from others who wandered through the wood or sat among the drooping willows.

The dinner-hour called them together and free from all constraint they sat upon the green sward, partaking gleefully and heartily of the good things brought forth from the secretive baskets.

"Gracie Lawrence is not here, I see," said one. "I wonder why she did not come; she was anxious to do so."

"She is the best girl living," answered a lovely, refined looking girl. "She has so few pleasures and was delighted with the idea of coming here to-day, but her mother did not seem quite so well as usual this morning and Gracie would not be persuaded to leave her."

"You're always trying to make a saint out of Grace, Lily Bradford. It's my opinion she's a big hypocrite. I guess if she cared so for her mother, she wouldn't let

her hoe in the garden, sick as she is, and that's what she was doing when I passed there, and your lady saint was sitting on the porch reading as cool as a cucumber." And Miss Smith gave her red head a toss that said, "You ain't going to humbug me; I'm too smart for you."

"I don't know just how it happened so," answered Lily, "but I know Grace Lawrence is the best daughter in this town; I wish I was only half as good."

"I do know how it happened," Miss Lily, said handsomely Charlie Carr. "Mrs. Lawrence's physician advised her to take some light exercise in the open air every day, and she was following his prescription, that is all. As for Miss Grace she could not be a hypocrite; she is too sincere a Christian for that."

"Stuff and nonsense! Everybody knows you're dead in love with her," said Bettie Smith, coarsely. "I've no patience with your 'sincere Christians.' I mean to have a jolly time, I do."

No one seemed inclined to enter into a discussion with the rude girl. Music was requested and Mrs. Carney forgot her morning vexation as she watched Ida playing so gracefully upon the guitar and singing as sweetly as the birds overhead, while she looked lovely as some woodland nymph with the sunbeams playing over her white dress and golden hair, and her fair face now all smiles and sweetness. Her music was much praised, and then their conversation drifted among books and authors and Mrs. Carney's pride in Ida was at its height as she noted her intelligence. Poor little Mary! Her mother thought a woman's sole mission was to stay at home and take care of the house and the children, so Mary had grown up knowing nothing of music and but little of books, and now, when addressed on the subject, innocently said "she liked Robinson Crusoe and Arabian Nights very well, but had not read much besides. No! She had never heard of George Eliot; who was he?"

"Come, Miss Mary, let us take a row now," said Charlie Carr, anxious to shield her from the expressions of surprise and disdain on some faces around her; "we will have time for a fine one before going home."

Mary readily assented, and soon was gliding delighted over the shining water. The party separated, choosing each his favorite companion and resort for the afternoon. Suddenly a keen, terrified scream rang from the lake and the nearest of the party gained shore only to see an empty skiff floating idly.

A moment more and Charlie Carr was welcomed with an encouraging cheer, as he was seen swinging to shore with Mary beside him. She was a brave girl, besides being full of youth's health and vigor; so she neither fainted nor grew hysterical as she was assisted out of the water.

John Herbert was instantly at her side. "You must let me drive you home at once," he said. "I fear this wetting will give you a terrible cold."

"It surely will," she answered, "if I ride in this strong breeze; it is only about two miles home. I must walk or run the risk of sickness."

"Then I shall walk with you," he said, "you are very sensible to think of it."

"We will go with you, too," cried several voices; "it is a delightful way through the wood."

As Mary turned to speak to Ida, she was surprised to see the sudden expression of the moraine again on her face.

"Will you not walk with us, cousin?"

"No! I do not feel like it," she answered moodily; "Mr. Carr will drive mother and me."

"Before we part, let me warn you not to forget your promised visit to-morrow evening," cried Lily Bradford.

"Never fear; we will all come," was the response.

CONTINUED.

Miscellaneous

Who Banged Susie's Hair.

Susie Burke came in from the garden one warm summer afternoon, with her little scissors in one hand and a lot of paper dolls and dolls clothes in the other.

"Why, Susie," exclaimed her mother; "What in the world have you been doing to yourself?"

"Susie Burke, what ever possessed you to cut your hair like that?" exclaimed Helen, her elder sister.

"O-o-h! What will papa say?" He just hates bangs!" put in Harry Burke, Susie's brother.

"How could you do such a thing, my child?" asked Susie's mother, with looks of mingled astonishment and displeasure.

Susie's face grew red and she looked ready to cry. She put her hand uneasily to her forehead,

across which the soft, dark hair, is, and that's what she was doing which was usually combed smooth—when I passed there, and your lady saint was sitting on the porch reading as cool as a cucumber." And Miss Smith gave her red head a toss that said, "You ain't going to humbug me; I'm too smart for you."

"You didn't do it? Who did then?"

"I don't know, truly, mamma."

"Why, Susie, how can that be possible?" said mamma.

"Why, Susie Burke, what a story!" exclaimed Harry.

"Hush, Harry! Don't accuse your little sister of telling what isn't true. Where have you been all the time since lunch, Susie?"

"In the arbor in the garden, cutting out dresses for my dollies," said Susie, holding up what she had in her hand as evidence of the truth of her words.

"All the time?" queried mamma.

"Yes, all the time. I haven't been anywhere else."

"And you didn't eat any of your hair,—not the least little lock?"

"No, not the least little bit. I knew papa wouldn't like it."

"Did anybody come into the garden while you were there?"

"Well, if that isn't a mystery!" exclaimed Mrs. Burke.

"It's awful hard to believe, I think," said Sister Helen.

"We must believe it, Little Susie has never been known to tell a lie. Whatever any of my children tell me, I shall believe is true, till they have clearly proved their words untrue," said mamma, firmly.

"But how could such a thing be?" argued Helen. "Her hair is cut all jagged, exactly as a child would do it if she tried to cut it herself, and yet she didn't do it, and don't know who did it."

"And she asked papa the other day if she might have her hair banged, just like Nellie Eastman's," said Harry.

"I didn't do it, truly, truly, mamma," was all poor Susie could urge, while she nestled closer within the encircling arm whose close clasp seemed to assure her of defense against the displeasure and distrust of all the world.

"We shall have to wait and see what papa will say," said Mrs. Burke, after a moment of perplexed thought.

"Will he be very angry?" asked Susie. "Will you tell him I didn't do it?"

"Or consent to its being done?" cross-questioned Helen.

"I didn't even know it was done till just as I got up to come in," Susie declared. "I thought something felt odd, and I put my hand up, and it was all cut off."

This was a mystery indeed. For could papa solve it, though he questioned his little daughter even more closely than her mother and sister had done.

"We must believe that she speaks the truth, because she has earned a character for truth," he said at last. "I should be sadly disappointed and grieved if I found I couldn't depend on the word of a child of mine. Go to mamma and let her make the cutting even, Susie. Since I must submit to seeing you with your hair banged, it must be done in better style than that."

"I'm sorry, papa, since you don't like it. Will you kiss me?" said Susie, lifting her shorn head timidly.

Her father stooped and kissed her. "You needn't feel badly when you're not to blame, my child. I believe you; though it's the most incomprehensible thing."

It remained the most incomprehensible thing for a week or more. Then one morning, soon after breakfast, there had a caller—two callers, in fact—Mrs. Lake, their nearest neighbor, and Hollie, her youngest son, a merry rogue of ten or eleven years.

The boy looked shy and shame-faced, and kept as much out of sight behind his mother as possible, while she explained the reason of her call.

"I have just found out that that boy of mine has been guilty of a naughty trick," said Mrs. Lake.

"I thought you ought to know," said Hollie, "because I was just thinking how you might be blamed unjustly. I brought him here that he might confess. Now, Hollie, tell Mrs. Burke."

"I cut Susie's hair," Hollie blurted out, with his eyes fastened to the floor.

"But how? It has been the greatest mystery to us! How could you do it and Susie not know it?"

"Oh, she was asleep!" said Hollie. "I found her there in the arbor, leaning back, with a paper doll in one hand and the scissors just dropped on her lap from the other, and I just thought I'd bang her hair. I'm ever so sorry, and won't never do so again," said Hollie, penitently.

"Did she get much blame for it?" inquired Mrs. Lake.

"I couldn't think how you could help believing the did it, however, she might deny it."

"We couldn't understand it at all," said Mrs. Burke, "but we believed Susie, though everything seemed against her, because the child never yet told us a lie."

JOY ALLISON.

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